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finely performed, and the deep attention of the crowded audiences prove not only how keenly the works are relished, but the high musical intelligence of the listeners. The solo performance, by members of the orchestra, are delightful features of the programme, and their fine execution shows of what material the orchestra is composed. We are satisfied that these concerts, besides being delightful to listen to, do incalculable good to the cause of music; they sustain the interest which dies out in Summer time from the lack of means of gratifying it, and educate the taste for the finest styles of composition.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

"One Roderick O'Donnell, an officer of the Irish Brigade, in the service of France, expatriated with many others for his adhesion to the cause of the last of the Stuarts, the exiled James the Second, being sent upon a secret mission to Cardinal Alberoni, it chanced that he was enabled to do a signal service to the daughter of a noble Spanish house, who, notwithstanding the objections of her haughty kindred, bestowed on him her hand." This is the groundwork on which Mr. Brougham has woven his excellent drama of "O'Donnell's Mission." Like all Mr. Brougham's handiwork, the play abounds in brilliant dialogue, smart repartee and witty sayings, but at the same time it is not as intensely interesting as many of the gentleman's former efforts, true, it is full of striking situations and incidents, but still the interest is not as well sustained as it should be, considering Mr. Brougham's great experience as a playwright. Another point with which I have to find fault is the uninteresting termination of most of the acts; one of the great secrets of success in plays of the sensational order is the thrilling *denouement* which should occur at the end of each act, and which serve to work the mind of the spectator up to the grand finale of the play, and this, with the exception of the rescue of Eva in the third act, appears to have been entirely neglected by Mr. Brougham, much to the detriment of the general success of the piece. Then again, Mr. Brougham has not a singing voice, and it would be far better were he to omit the songs set down to him, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Basque Song," a pretty little French ditty, which some wiseacre of the press informs his readers is a Spanish song, and which from its quaintness is quite in Mr. Brougham's line, and so, of course, he sings it deliciously. Setting aside these faults, "O'Donnell's Mission" is a most enjoyable performance, and what with the sparkling, witty dialogue, than which no man living could write better than John Brougham, there is a certain charm about the play which is sure to carry it through to the end of Mr. Brougham's engagement. The piece is uniformly well played throughout, there is little that is offensive and a great deal that is really meritorious in the acting of most of the characters, and while the main weight of the piece rests on the shoulders of Roderick O'Donnell, the inferior characters are played with ability and care. Mr. Brougham's O'Donnell is a really delicious performance: here we have a rollicking, dare-devil Irishman, brimful of honor, and one who is ready to draw his sword for injured innocence in distress at the slightest provocation, and above all, a gentlemanly Irishman, something so entirely different from the traditional heroic stage Hibernian with

his never ending snivel of Britain's tyranny, that the contrast makes a most delightful relief, and one is forced to do honor to the author's good sense and judgment in placing his countrymen in a light where they are not made the subject of ridicule and laughter by sensible play-goers.

Mr. Morris' Cardinal Alberoni is too palpable an imitation of Booth's Richelieu to be anything more than extremely funny, for Mr. Morris does not imitate Booth's Richelieu well, and it would be much better for Mr. Morris were he to drop Booth and return to Morris.

Mr. Walcot's Abbe Le Renard is one of the best pieces of acting he has given us for some time, a little too much attitudinizing, perhaps, but still there are some really good points in the performance.

Zadock is a little too much for Mr. Andrews, who is an actor of decided talent, but still too young and immature to seize on the salient points of so difficult a part as that of the Gitano. There are good points in the performance, however, and with a little toning down and less low comedy exaggeration it would be made a most acceptable piece of acting.

Miss Johnson, as Eva, shows evident signs of improvement; were it not for a rather stilted manner which she possesses, this young lady might be a very pleasing actress, but she is evidently painstaking, and will in time, doubtless, overcome this, her, at present, great fault.

Miss Carr, as Juanita, the shrewish wife of Mортаро, (excellently played by Mr. Burnett) is uncommonly funny, and forms a most cheering example to gouty old bachelors of the miseries of married life.

Jefferson has arrived in New York, after an almost unprecedentedly successful European tour, and is to make his re-appearance at the Olympic, on or about the first of September. This is good news to play-goers, for Mr. Jefferson is without a doubt, the comedian of the present day, and his performances in days gone by are treasured up as the brightest moments in the theatrical experiences of New York theatre-goers.

SNUGGE.

SUMMER DAYS AND DREAMS.

Mingling with my dreams to-day, there comes a wilder and a grander music; no summer sigh, a murmurous silence dying upon the ear, no whispering wave-voice half lost upon a grassy marge. A deep, momentous thunder; a rush incessant and relentless, as though Time had found a voice to tell its flight towards Eternity; the roar of waters, breaking down the rocky wall where a thousand years have passed, and left no trace more enduring than the sunshine. Foaming and whirling, dashing on and far away, they sweep down the narrow gorge, out into the broad, free air and sunshine on the mountain side, and farther on to meet the river and the sea.

Up among the brown pine trees where I am sitting, the wind blows cool and strong, with a free, wild breath of the hills, that it has crossed; it flutters my dress over the dizzy verge, and tosses out my hair, as I lean far over, clinging to the lichenized granite. The gray old cliff rears its scarred side two hundred feet, and near its summit, from a cleft between two mighty boulders, leaps out the bright "laughing water;" a sheet of foam fling down with silver spray, and flashing diamond mist, where a faint rainbow quivers, where the setting sun slants in. Far down I hear the thunder of its fall, and see the wild, strug-

gling water flung from out its granite basin, to dash away round rock and stone, and boulder, worn smooth as marble by that incessant whirl and strife; to foam and flash in its wild flight toward the goal, where it shall lose its silver-toned music in the moan and murmur of the sea. Below me I see this strife of waters in their rocky bed, and the rustling tree-tops, nestling to the base of the gray precipice; above, there is only the deep, calm summer sky, without a shadow of waving boughs, or even a floating cloud, to come between its stainless blue and me. Only that soft, far, tender blue, that arched as fair above the lonely mountain nook, in the summer days long perished, when this bright water first broke over the steep granite wall in snowy threads of foam; when the lithe foot of the Indian hunter crossed the overhanging cliff, and the soft-eyed Indian girl sang tender love-songs to the monotone of the ever-falling spray. Oh, the long, long years ago! when the voice that speaks to me now, in the rush of the torrent, was dumb, and nowhere under heaven the lives that make *my* life, my dreams, my world to-day!

And yet there were voices as sweet, and dreams as beautiful, to murmur in that grand chorale of the waters; and throbbing hearts to beat the faster as they caught the wild, sweet undertone, and thrilled to the fire and passion of the wordless song they sung. As I lie here on the broad gray mossy ledge, the deep abyss below me, and the cool wind flowing round my lonely eyrie, I hear another tone blend in with the voices heard and fancied. Through that strong thunder that drowns the silence, a death cry rings up to break the monotone of its great roar. A streak of dark hair blown back upon the breeze; the soft, warm, gentle summer breeze that lifts my own so lightly; a flash of gay color, and tossing plume whirled down and lost in the green abyss below; and back on the lazy summer silence floats the legend of this wild spot, and I hear the wail of a broken heart, that dashed its young life long ago against the cruel rocks of that swift stream. Only the sad old story, of wild, helpless, hungry love, and passion wasted and despairing; and the desolate girl who stood alone with the night on this high cliff against the starlit sky, and saw the moonlight sleep so softly on rock and boulder, and on the green tree-tops that edged the stream, saw those waters, so white in the cold rays, steal on to meet the sea, and heard the thunder of their fall; and flung out on the calm, pitiless, beautiful night all the fierce agony and wasting fever of her young life; flung it down to torture and death, and the dreadful rocks far down. The swift water went as swiftly then as now, in its restless, tireless flight; but it dashed around the broken fetters of the passionate, enduring soul, where the black hair streamed along the ripples and the foam, and the helpless hands swayed beseechingly with the current of the stream. In my fancy I can see the sunrise breaking really over the hills, and over the crests of these gray cliffs, that guard the narrow gorge; and down among those water-worn rocks the cool, early shadows would hide and nestle, while the gay young warrior, with his fluttering coronet of plumes, would find her lying there—poor, broken ruin of what had loved him—with the blank eyes that had sought his face so faithfully, still looking blindly through eternity for him. Oh, summer heaven, so blue and far away! is it all in vain, this strife of broken hearts—this last despairing plunge to seek thy rest?

The falling water thunders on, and the white